



On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Check," etc.)

WHAT EVERY YOUNG COED SHOULD WEAR

Gather round, girls. Sapo opens a pack of Philip Morris, light up, relax and enjoy that mild fragrant vintage tobacco while Old Dad tells you about the latest campus fashions.

The key word this year is *casual*. Be casual. Be slapdash. Be rakish. Impulsive. Invent your own ensembles—like ski pants with a peacock-blue blouse, like pajama bottoms with an ermine stole, like a hocky sweater with a dirndl.

(Dirndl, incidentally, is one of the truly fascinating words in the English language. Etymologists have quarreled over its origin for years. Some hold with Professor Manley Ek that Dirndl is a corruption of Dardanelle and is so named because it resembles the skirts worn by the women of that region. This theory is at first glance plausible, but begins to fall apart when you consider that there are no women in the Dardanelle region because of the loathsome local custom of female infanticide.)

(Another theory is advanced by Dr. Clyde Feb. Dirndl, says he, is a contraction of "dairy in the dell" and refers to the milkmaidish appearance of the skirt. But again, close examination causes one to abandon a plausible hypothesis. As every child knows, it is not "dairy in the dell" but "farmer in the dell", in which case the skirt should be called not dirndl but *farndl*.)

(There are some who contend we will never know the true origins of dirndl. To those faint hearted Cassandras I say, remember how everyone laughed at Edison and Franklin and Fulton and Marconi and Sigafous. (Sigafous, in case you have forgotten, invented the nostril, without which breathing, as we know it today, would not be possible!) The origins of dirndl will be found, say I, and anyone who believes the contrary is a fly-brained churl and if he'll step outside for a minute, I'll give him a thrashing he won't soon forget.)

But I digress. We were smoking a Philip Morris and talking about the latest campus styles. Casual, we agree, is the key word. But casual need not mean drab. Lives up your outfit with a touch of glamor. Even the lowly dungaree and man-shirt combination can be made exciting if you'll adorn it with a simple necklace of 120 matched diamonds. With Bermuda shorts, wear gold knee-symbols. Be guided by the famous poet *Cosmo Sigafous* (whose brother Sam it was who invented the nostril) who wrote:

*Sparkle, my beauty,
Shimmer and shine,
The night is young,
The air's like wine,
Cling to a leaf,
Hang on a vine,
Crawl on your belly,
It's time to dive.*

(Mr. Sigafous, it should be explained, was writing about a glow-worm. Insects, as everyone knows, are among Mr. Sigafous' favorite subjects for poems. Who can ever forget his immortal *Ode to a Half-Woolly! Or his Tumbling Along With the Tumbling Tumbleweed!* Or his *Fly Gently, Sweet Aphid!* Mr. Sigafous has been inactive since the invention of DDT.)

But I digress. We were smoking a Philip Morris and discussing fashions. Let us turn now to headwear. The motif in hats this year will be familiar American scenes. There will be models to fit every head—for example, the "Empire State Building" for tall thin heads; the "Jefferson Memorial" for squatly ones; "Niagara Falls" for dry scalps. Feature of the collection is the "Statue of Liberty," complete with a torch that actually burns. This is very handy for lighting your Philip Morrises, which is very important because no matter how good Philip Morrises are, they're nowhere unless you light them.

We come now to the highlight of this year's fashion parade—a mad fad that's sweeping the chic set at high time campuses all over the country. All the girls who are in the van, in the swim, and in the know are doing it. Doing what, you ask? Getting tattooed, of course! You just don't raise these days unless you've got at least an anchor on your biceps. If you really want to be the envy of the campus, get yourself a four-masted schooner, or a heart with FATHER printed inside of it, or a—

I interrupt this column to bring you a special announcement. A runner has just handed me the following bulletin:

"The origin of the word dirndl has at long last been discovered. On June 27, 1846, Dusty Schwartz, the famous scout and Indian fighter, went into the Golden Nugget Saloon in Cheyenne, Wyoming. The Golden Nugget had just imported a new entertainer from the East. She came out and did her dance in pink tights. Dusty Schwartz had never seen anything like that in his life, and he was much impressed. He watched with keen interest as she did her numbers, and he thought about her all the way home. When he got home, his wife Feldspar was waiting to show him a new skirt she had made for herself. 'How do you like my new skirt, Dusty?' said Feldspar. He looked at the large voluminous garment, then thought of the pink tights on the dancing girl. 'Your skirt is darn dull,' said Dusty. 'Darn dull' was later shortened to 'dirndl' which is how dirndls get their name."

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